

THOMAS HAS ON THE RUN

If Nominated for Lieutenant Governor It Will Be Rebuke to Whole Senate.

HAS CLEANED 'EM ALL UP IN DEBATE

(By Horace H. Shelton.)

San Antonio, Texas, July 5.—The members of the state senate of Texas, both holdovers and those who are candidates for reelection, are greatly worried at the trend of politics. It is admitted by the well informed that all indications point to the election of Bascom Thomas, the expelled senator, as lieutenant governor.

There could be no greater humiliation to the senate than for this to happen, for it would be the most severe rebuke that could be administered to the members of the upper house. It would be in fact a conviction by the people of the entire body on the charges preferred by Bascom Thomas, including graft and immorality.

When Thomas was expelled from the senate it was considered that his political career was ended, but to the sur-

prise of the men who kicked him out and stumped his district in the interest of his opponent, Thomas was triumphantly reelected and remained in the session, a thorn in the side of those whom he had charged as grafters.

Senator and Davidson "Smoked Out."
When Thomas announced for lieutenant governor, the senate again laughed long and loud, predicting that his campaign would fall flat. Soon his campaign assumed such formidable proportions that A. B. Davidson, one of his opponents, who presided over the senate, decided to meet Thomas in debate and squelch him once for all. The debate came off and at the finish Davidson took the count. He was about the worst whipped man that ever got into a fight. Since then it has been "Never Again" for Davidson.

Next, Thomas challenged any of the senators who voted to expel him, to meet him in joint debate. Senator, of Dallas, ever with a chip on his shoulder, undertook the task. The debate came off in Dallas among Senator's friends, and when Thomas got through with the Dallas man he was on the run and the audience was hooting him.

Thomas Has Clear Field.
So far as debates were concerned that settled it. From that time forward Thomas has had a clear field. No one will cross whines with him and this seems to convince the voters at large more than ever that there must have been some truth in the Thomas charges.

Reports from all sections of the state are to the effect that Thomas is constantly gaining ground and in every senatorial district quiet work to bring about his defeat is going on, but apparently not with the success that his opponents desire.

A. B. Davidson, of Cuero, at present lieutenant governor, and A. S. Hawkins, of Midland, are the most active men in opposition to Mr. Thomas.

Davidson is asking for reelection a third time as vindication of the charges being made by Thomas, and in case he is defeated there can be but one conclusion put on the result and that is that the citizens at large do believe that corruption existed at the last legislature, that there was a powerful lobby there that used money to defeat sub-

mission and that gambling was prevalent.

Real Party Man Wanted.

Is there a Democrat, one who is real simon pure, died in the wool, a yard wide and a foot thick, a candidate for the office of governor?

If those who have been listening at the speeches of the various candidates, or reading them, believe all the charges made, he will have to come to the conclusion that the Democratic party has fallen in a bad way so far as selecting a standard bearer is concerned.

The question as to the democracy of the candidates was first raised in regard to the failed O. B. Colquitt. Davidson asserted positively that the railroad commissioner was not a Democrat because he had repudiated a Democratic platform when he fought submission. Johnson took up the cry and Colquitt joined in. The three agreed unanimously that Mr. Colquitt ought to be kicked out of the Democratic party and make the race as the Republican nominee. They proceeded to express this opinion in various speeches over the state.

Mr. Colquitt's friends then got busy delving into the political archives which contained the records of the other three men and now he is asserting positively that Davidson, Poindexter and Johnson ought to be read out of the party and that he is the only Democrat in the race.

Davidson Also "Unwashed."
Mr. Colquitt says that Davidson is not a Democrat because when Harrison was elected president he endorsed and worked for the appointment of Wright Cuney, a negro, for collector of customs at Galveston, and that he added to this offense by recommending Cuney for reappointment over a white man when Cleveland was elected. This charge he has been making on several occasions, and always concludes with "and you haven't heard Davidson deny the truth of the assertion, have you?"

Next Johnson's record was called into question. Colquitt charged that when Bryan was the nominee of the Democrats for president that Johnson resented it so much that he tore Bryan's name off the top of the ticket and stamped it under his feet in the gutter. This is said to have occurred in Tyler. Johnson has also been called upon to deny the incident.

Poindexter Helped Enemies.
Nor did Mr. Poindexter escape criticism along the same line. Mr. Colquitt charges that when the immoral Hogg was leading the vanguard of the Texas Democracy and needed all the help he could get, as the Clark cohorts were crowding him closely, that Poindexter was found in the enemies' camp. This has likewise not been denied.

The injection of this personal element into the fight has made the contest even more bitter. Slurs are being thrown in all directions by all four of the candidates.

Colquitt calls Davidson a "tax dodger" because it is charged he owes the state for certain taxes due. Davidson retorts in like manner by calling Colquitt a "tax eater" because he is campaigning the state and at the same time drawing a salary for which he is not rendering any service.

Johnson For Saloon Faction.
Poindexter charges that Johnson is in truth the candidate of the saloon faction just as much as Colquitt is and Johnson comes back with the retort that Colquitt is a "tax dodger" because it is charged he owes the state for certain taxes due. Davidson retorts in like manner by calling Colquitt a "tax eater" because he is campaigning the state and at the same time drawing a salary for which he is not rendering any service.

Poindexter is a "straddler" and that he is the "stool pigeon" for Bailey, not in the race to win, but to defeat the prohibition cause by defeating Johnson.

And there you are and the end is not yet.

Supporters of each man are busy delving into every salacious rumor put out regarding any of the candidates and if there is a basis of truth in any of them they will be sprung.

There are yet three weeks in which to make the campaign and the closing days will find the contest even hotter than it now is.

FRIENDS WORRY OVER CULBERSON'S HEALTH

Senatorial Mantle May Fall on Representative Albert Burleson.

(Horace H. Shelton.)

Austin, Texas, July 5.—Reports received here from New York in regard to the health of United States senator Charles A. Culbertson are more reassuring than those of the past several months. It is now known that he will be able to come to Texas and make a few public addresses during the summer. This information was conveyed in a telegram to Allison Mayfield from C. W. Jurney, secretary to senator Culbertson.

The studied efforts of senator Culbertson's friends to convey the impression that he is not seriously ill is causing many to be really uneasy for it looks as if his real condition was being concealed. It is a known fact that senator Culbertson did not appear on the floor of the senate on a single occasion during the past session and spent only two days in Washington in the past 12 months. It is known that for six months senator Culbertson has not read a single letter or discussed politics in any way. His personal business has been conducted by his friends.

No Doubt of Resignation.
There is not the least doubt of senator Culbertson being reelected but the rumor is very persistent that he will resign unless his health improves, not desiring to accept the service of the state, when he cannot discharge the duties thereof. It is this contingency that is being considered by politicians and they are laying their plans accordingly.

Due to senator Culbertson's popularity in the state these plans are being kept as dark as possible but it is well known that governor Thomas M. Campbell, C. O. Johnson and Albert Burleson, congressman from Austin, are quietly working with a view of being ready in case of Culbertson's death or resignation.

Indications are that Culbertson has chosen Burleson as the man upon whose shoulders he desires his mantle to fall and if it looks like the legislature might follow that lead there are certain well informed men who believe that senator Culbertson may refuse an election at the hands of the coming session of the legislature.

Burleson Strong With Texans.
Burleson succeeded Joseph D. Sayers in congress when the latter was elected governor and has been reelected each time without opposition and will have no opposition this year. His son of Gen. Burleson of revolutionary fame. While satisfied with his congressional berth Burleson is ambitious to go to the upper house as all of the congressmen. His close personal friendship to Culbertson has long been known and there is no doubt that if the senator had the choosing of his successor he would name Burleson.

Burleson has been mentioned several times in connection with the governorship but political conditions have never been such that he judged it wise to make an attempt to land in that office. Many friends of Burleson believe, however, to the fact that the name of his family has been so long and so prominently identified with Texas, that he would rather be governor than senator but there is no likelihood of the citizens picking a congressman for that office for years to come.

GREAT CROWD GETS RETURNS AT PARK
Thousands Get the News Direct From the Ringside From Herald.

A sea of faces—more than 5000 faces, prize fight faces—eagerly drank in the story of the biggest battle as it was delivered Monday afternoon by The Herald at Washington park before and between innings of the El Paso-Cannanea game, the prompt and accurate Herald service was read through megaphone to the masses swarming over the grand stands of the ball park.

As the description rolled by round arrived, the listeners rose to their feet at the first call of attention, cheered at the blows of the white man, and groaned when the negro's successes were related. Following the knockout the crowd announced at the park even before it was heard by the mob in front of The Herald office downtown, the crowd roared with disgust.

There was less interest in the round by round detail after the victory announcement. However the story of the last round was received eagerly. Every seat and even standing room in the grand stands and bleachers was occupied, and crowds stood in the paddock where an improvised betting ring of money talking sports was located. Many individual bets were made as the returns were heard, and in all, the error-filled ball game received little attention. It was a prize fight, the crowd, men, women and children, and goes to show that, although ring battles are barred in nearly every state, the interest in them will not wane.

A number of ministers, gone to see the game, were compelled to hear the prize fight returns, or stop up their ears. It is not on record that any stopped up their ears.

Four Herald men were busied at the park in presenting the fight returns. A telephone man received the reports on The Herald private wire, and two announcers were busied with the reading. It was necessary to relay the announcements three times so that all could hear from the farthest end of the new grand stand to the very gate near the bleachers.

Monday's crowd, largely drawn by The Herald fight returns, was the largest in the history of the park, according to manager Frank Rice. Incidentally the gate receipts netted a handsome sum for the El Paso baseball club, which needs the public support. Every seat was sold long before the crowds arrived at the park.

BANKER BALL PLAYER BREAKS ARM PITCHING
The First National bank won the baseball game from the Rio Grande Valley bank Sunday morning at Washington park. R. L. Hilburn, who started to pitch for the First National team, put so much steam on one of his curves that he broke his right arm above the elbow and had to retire from the game and will be unable to work for a month. His place was taken by John Bunting, who pitched a winning game for the El Paso street bankers.

A Story Of Graustark

Truxton King By George Barr McCutcheon

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SYNOPSIS OF FIRST CHAPTER.

Truxton King, an American millionaire's son, tired of the humdrum life and sets out to have some adventures. He reaches the Kingdom of Graustark.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

When you have discovered something in Edelweiss to attract you?" grinned the old armorer.

"I dare say you're right. Clean that sword up a bit for me, and I'll drop in tomorrow and get it. Here's 60 gavvos to bind the bargain—the rest on delivery. Good day, Mr. Spantz."

"Good day, Mr. King."

"How do you happen to know my name?"

Spantz put his hand over his heart and delivered himself of a most impressive bow. "When so distinguished a visitor comes to our little city," he said, "we lose no time in discovering his name. It is a part of our trade, sir, believe me."

"I'm not so sure that I do believe you," said Truxton King to himself as he sauntered up the street toward the hotel.

Mr. Hobbs, from Cook's, was at his elbow, his eyes glistening with eagerness.

"I say, old Dangloss is waiting for you at the Regency, sir. What's up? What you been up to, sir?"

"Up to—up to, Hobbs?"

"My word, sir, you must have been or he wouldn't be there to see you."

"Who is Dangloss?"

"Minister of police. Haven't I told you? He's a keen one, too, take my word for it. I heard him ask for you."

He lost no time in getting to the hotel. A well remembered, fierce looking little man in a white linen suit was waiting for him on the great piazza.

Baron Jasto Dangloss was a polite man, but not to the point of procrastination. He advanced to meet the puzzled American, smiling amiably and swirling his imposing mustache with neatly gloved fingers.

"I have called, Mr. King, to have a little chat with you," he said abruptly. He enjoyed the look of surprise on the young man's face. "Won't you join me at this table? A julep will not be bad, eh?" King sat down opposite to him at one of the piazza tables in the shade of the great trailing vines. A waiter took the order and departed.

"Now, to come to the point," began the baron. "You expected to leave tomorrow. Why are you staying over?"

"Baron, I leave that to your own distinguished powers of deduction," said Truxton gently. He took a long pull at the straw, watching the other's face as he did so. The baron smiled.

"You have found the young lady in the gunshop to be very attractive," observed the baron. "Where have you known her before?"

"I beg pardon?"

"It is not unusual for a young man in search of adventure to follow the lady of his choice from place to place. She came but recently, I recall."

"You think I knew her before and followed her to Edelweiss?"

"I am not quite sure whether you have been in Warsaw lately. There is a gap in your movements that I can't account for."

King became serious at once. He saw that it was best to be frank with this keen old man.

"Baron Dangloss, I don't know just what you are driving at, but I'll set you straight, so far as I'm concerned. I never saw that girl until the day before yesterday. I never spoke to her until today."

"She smiled on you quite familiarly from her window casement yesterday," said Dangloss coolly.

"She laughed at me, to be perfectly candid. But what's all this about?"

Dangloss leaned forward and smiled sourly.

"Take my advice—do not play with fire," he said enigmatically.

"You—you mean she's a dangerous person? I can't believe that, baron."

"She has dangerous friends out in the world. She is Olga Platanova. Her mother was married in this city twenty-five years ago to Professor Platanova of Warsaw. The professor was executed last year for conspiracy. He was one of the leaders of a great revolutionary movement in Poland. They were virtually anarchists, as you have come to place them in America. This girl Olga was his secretary. His death almost killed her. But that is not all. She had a sweetheart up to fifteen months ago. He was a prince of the royal blood. He would have married her in spite of the difference in their stations had it not been for the inter-

vention of the crown that she and her kind hate so well. The young man's powerful relatives took a hand in the affair. He was compelled to marry a scrawny little duchess, and Olga was warned that if she attempted to entice him away from his wife she would be punished. She did not attempt it, because she is a virtuous girl. Her uncle, Spantz, offered her a home."

"Baron, are you sure that she is a red?" asked King.

"Quite. She attended their councils." "She doesn't look it, 'pon my word. I thought they were the scum of the earth."

"The kind you have in America are. But over here—oh, well, we never can tell."

Truxton stared harder than ever.

"What's that?"

"I know him quite well. Hunted wild boars with him five years ago in Germany. And your sister! They were a beautiful young girl. She was at Carlsbad at the time. Was she quite well when you last heard?"

"She was," was all that the wondering brother could say.

The baron left the American standing at the head of the steps, gazing after his retreating figure with a look of admiration in his eyes.

Truxton fared forth into the streets that night with a greater zest in life than he had ever known before. A man with a limp cigarette between his lips was never far from the side of the American—a man who had stopped to pass the time of day with William Spantz and who from that hour was not to let the young man out of his sight until another relieved him of the task.

(To Be Continued.)

AMUSEMENTS.

FINE SHOW AT AIRDOME.

This week's hit at the Airdome is really the best show that the company has given. In addition to a good comedy that is really entertaining and has a plot, the musical numbers are out of the ordinary and are alone worth the price of admission. Many of the songs are being whistled on the streets and the electric number at the finish of the first act is very pretty.

Your complexion as well as your temper is rendered miserable by a disordered liver. By taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets you can improve both. Sold by all druggists.

At Fountains & Elsewhere

Ask for "HORLICK'S"

The Original and Genuine

MALTED MILK

The Food-drink for All Ages.

At restaurants, hotels, and fountains.

Delicious, invigorating and sustaining.

Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Don't travel without it.

A quick lunch prepared in a minute.

Take no imitation. Just say "HORLICK'S."

In No Combine or Trust

Truxton stared harder than ever.

"I'm much changed. And I'll keep my eyes well opened. I suppose there's no harm in my going to the shop to look at a lot of rings and knickknacks he has for sale?"

"Not in the least. Confine yourself to knickknacks, that's all."

"Isn't Spantz above suspicion?"

"No one is in my little world. By the way, I am very fond of your father. He is a most excellent gentleman and a splendid shot."

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Silence!

The instinct of modesty natural to every woman is often a great hindrance to the cure of womanly diseases. Women shrink from the personal questions of the local physician which seem indicative. The thought of examination is abhorrent to them, and so they endure in silence a condition of disease which surely progresses from bad to worse.

It has been Dr. Pierce's privilege to cure a great many women who have found a refuge for modesty in his offer of FREE consultation by letter. All correspondence is held as sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription restores and regulates the womanly functions, abolishes pain and builds up and puts the finishing touch of health on every weak woman who gives it a fair trial.

It Makes Weak Women Strong, Sick Women Well.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine of known composition.



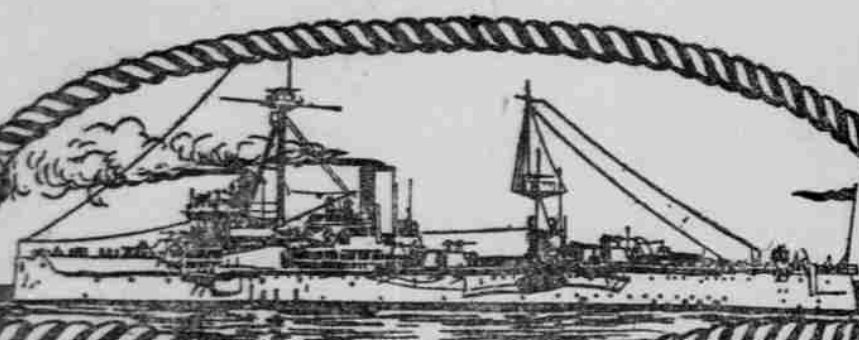
WILL ENGLAND and GERMANY FIGHT?

What's the matter with England? Is the British Empire about to fall? Why is the fear of Germany the controlling factor in British political and industrial thought? Why, in a time of profound peace and general prosperity, is the British Empire face to face with the greatest crisis in its history? What does it mean to the rest of mankind if Germany rises triumphant? How will American interests be affected if the map of the world is overhauled?

These important questions will be discussed in a series of articles prepared for this newspaper by FREDERIC J. HASKIN. These letters will be direct from England and Germany, and will be a comprehensive exposition of the political and industrial situation in both countries.

The rivalry of the Englishman and the German is unquestionably a problem of superlative importance, and it behooves every American to study it. The Haskin letters will be an illuminating treatise on the subject, and will prove to be a source of pleasure and profit to all who read them.

BEGINNING IN THESE COLUMNS WEDNESDAY, JULY SIXTH



BANKER BALL PLAYER BREAKS ARM PITCHING

The First National bank won the baseball game from the Rio Grande Valley bank Sunday morning at Washington park. R. L. Hilburn, who started to pitch for the First National team, put so much steam on one of his curves that he broke his right arm above the elbow and had to retire from the game and will be unable to work for a month. His place was taken by John Bunting, who pitched a winning game for the El Paso street bankers.